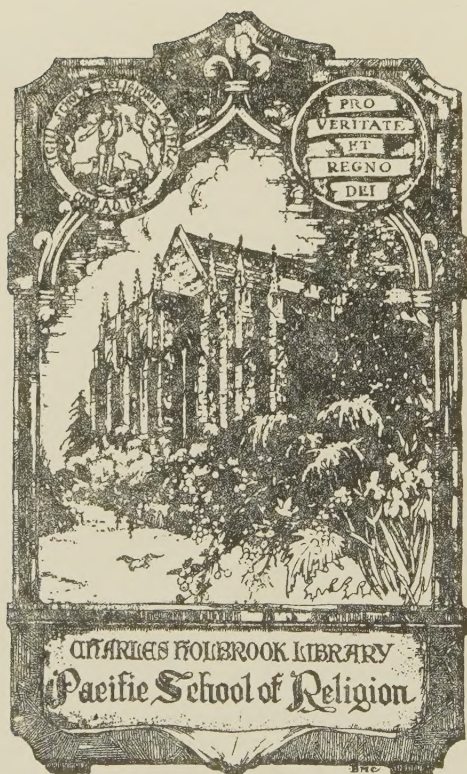
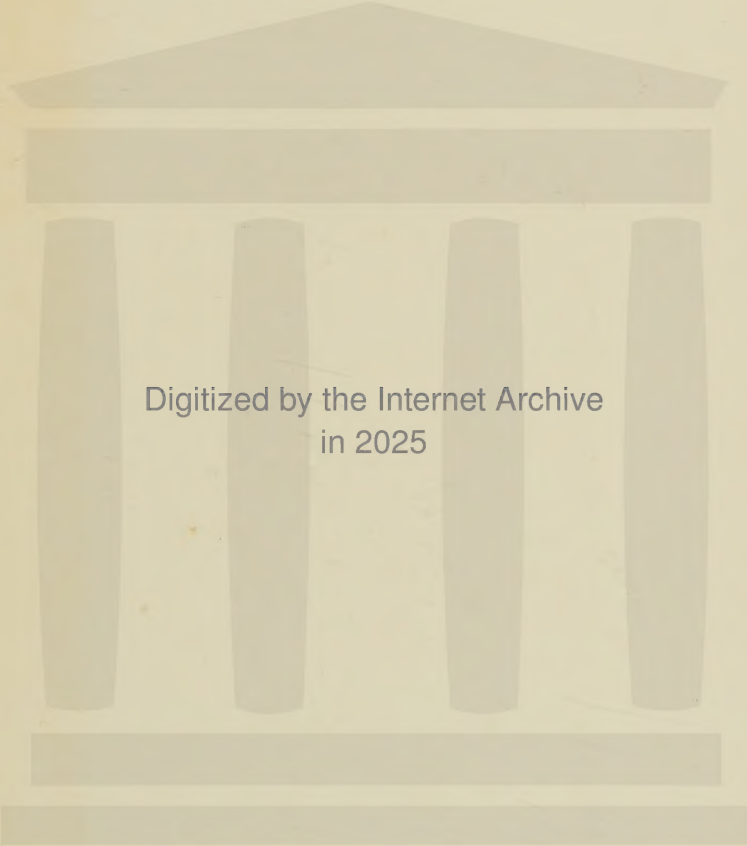






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MEXICO



THE ORGAN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF MEXICO

Vol. 40-43

January — March, 1950-1953

No. 1

MEMORIAL NUMBER

...THIS THAT THIS WOMAN
HATH DONE
SHALL BE TOLD FOR
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MEMORIAL OF HER

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MEXICO

THE ORGAN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF MEXICO

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

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Cortazar, Gto.: Miss Mamie Baird.

General Terán, N. L.: Miss Anne Deavours.



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True Rewards

*I looked to men for wordly commendation;
Their plaudits were as music to my ears;
And yet, how fleeting were their loudest praises,
How empty, with the passing of the years.*

*And then one day the Saviour spoke so gently:
"My child", He said, "look only unto Me;
The life which ever meets with My approval,
And Mine alone, counts for eternity.*

*"Rewards there are, but not of worldly splendor;
Approving words, but not from lips of men.
He who has Me has won life's greatest treasure;
Whose life is lost in Mine, has richest gain."*

Agnes C. Ellingwood

CLEMENTINA BUTLER



*"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures".*

*Isaac Watts,
Alt. by John Wesley*

Miss Clementina Butler, called to the Kingdom of Heaven

Bishop Eleazar Guerra,
Methodist Church, Mexico

I was attending the annual meetings of the Board of Missions in Buck Hill Falls, Penn., when I received the distressing news of the death of Miss Butler on December 5th, in the city of Boston, Mass., at the age of 87 years.

Miss Butler enjoyed good health and was actively concerned with the march of missionary work, not only in Mexico and India, but in every corner of the wide world. During the last General Conference held in Boston, a special service was held honoring the memory of Miss Butler's father, Dr. William Butler, founder of Methodism in India and in Mexico. Among those present were official representatives of the churches of Mexico and India in company with a larger number of Bishops. I remember Miss Butler giving one of the most impressive and profound addresses I have ever heard, demonstrating clear thinking, and above all, a deep rooted affection for her adopted countries.

The death of Miss Butler awakens in the heart of every Methodist of Mexico a sense of grief and irreparable loss, because she was ever working for the spiritual progress of Mexico and the faithful proclamation of the message of salvation.

Even during the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of our Methodist Church of Mexico, we delighted in the privilege of her presence. She made the long trip by plane contrary to the counsel and advice of her friends, who considered the journey a risk to her health. But she came and led the historic and inspiring procession that opened the sessions of the Diamond Jubilee in the beautiful, remodeled Gante Street Church.

Miss Clementina Butler was a veritable Gibraltar, an element of strength and power in all that concerned the movement of Christian missions in the Methodist Church. For 50 years she dedicated her life to this work and obtained great triumphs. She was the daughter of Dr. William Butler and of Mrs. Clementina Rowe Butler, missionaries to India and Mexico and the founders of Methodism in both countries. She attended the 50th and 75th anniversaries of the Methodism Church in India and Mexico. She was the executive secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society that her mother, Mrs. Clementina Rowe Butler, helped to organize in the very beginning of Methodist missionary endeavor. These wise and consecrated women undertook to send missionaries to the uttermost parts of the world.

In the Methodist Church of Tremont, Boston, Miss Butler organized a missionary museum finding innumerable objects of historic interest and value to the Church, and which portrayed the missionary interest of this noble woman. In 1912, she founded the committee on Christian literature for women and children in the Near and Far East, and, author of many books, she never failed to hold before her readers the challenge of winning souls for Christ.

A radiant personality has left us, but she leaves the indistinguishable glow of her dedication and loyalty. She was a soul entirely yielded to the service of her Lord and King.

Our debt of gratitude to this faithful servant of the Lord can never be paid, but we pray that the Lord will raise up other women of like vision and ambition to occupy the place in the ranks of Christian workers caused by her departure.

Bishop Lewis O. Hartman and her pastor, Rev. Azarias Reimer, officiated at her funeral.

A Loyal Friend

Rev. J P Hauser
Missionary to Mexico

When I was a student in Boston University School of Theology, a call came for a young man to go to Mexico as a missionary. That call was made by Dr. John W. Butler through the Rev Franklin Hamilton, who later became Bishop Hamilton. When I was asked if I would accept that call, I gladly accepted as I had been a Student Volunteer for Foreign Missions for some time.

Miss Juana Palacios was in Boston at that time working on her doctor's degree under the eminent Profesor Borden P. Bowne and Miss Butler arranged to have Miss Palacios speak in the Temple Street Church, of which I was a member. I recall distinctly Miss Palacios' fine description of Mexico and later I had the privilege of meeting her and Miss Butler at the home of the pastor. We talked about Mexico and especially Oaxaca where I was expected to go. Later, Miss Butler invited me to her home in Newtonville to meet her gracious mother, Mrs. William Butler. We had "arroz a la mexicana" for supper. Miss Butler gave me all the light she could on Mexico, taught me my first word in Spanish, "hermano", and offered some excellent suggestions as to my future life.

Clementina, as a little girl, was with her family during the early days of the opening of the work in Mexico City. How well she remembered all the incidents of those years and in 1948, when she was present at the Diamond Jubilee celebration in Mexico City, how she delighted us with her precise description of the building of the Gante Church! And she told us all this in the excellent Spanish she had remembered from her early childhood.

Miss Butler was not in Mexico for any extended period of service but made several visits there and at one time was

in charge of the Girls' Normal School in Puebla. Her greatest help to Mexico was in her work at home where she constantly sought opportunities to address churches, to write articles for the church papers, to raise money and to encourage students to go to the United States for further study. All in all she was a loyal, faithful friend of Mexico and all its interests.

At the General Conference in Boston, in May, 1948, Miss Butler was very active. She had a fine collection of curios from Mexico and India at the old Tremont Street Church and invited all delegates and friends to see these interesting objects which she graphically described. She gave gracious attention to our delegates and visitors to the General Conference. It was a great afternoon when a group of friends from Mexico and India went, under her guidance, to visit the grave of her father, Dr. William Butler, who had opened the work in India in 1857 and in Mexico in 1873.

Miss Butler had a facile pen, having written a life of her father and another of her mother. One of her last wishes was to live long enough to be able to visit India during the Centenary of its Methodist missionary history. That would have been in 1957. Mexico has lost a staunch, loyal friend in the going of Miss Clementina Butler. She made many friends and she always had our admiration and respect.

“Absent in the flesh; present with the Lord”

Carlota G. Munguia,
teacher and friend,
Pachuca, Hidalgo

On the 8th of December of last year, we were surprised with the sad news that Miss Clementina Butler had passed away.

I was acquainted with Miss Butler ever since I was a little girl and what I can remember of her is that she was a dear and affectionate daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Butler, who went to preach the Gospel of our Lord in India and remained there for many years.

Then we had the good fortune to have them sent to Mexico for the same purpose. Their sons and daughters came with them. The youngest was Miss Clementina who learned Spanish very rapidly and who later was able to be the interpreter for her parents.

One of the many fine things they did was to found a home for orphans. I have thanked God many times that He gave me the opportunity to be one of family in that home. Miss Clementina was only a young girl then and she acted as if she were one of our schoolmates.

She was so diligent, good tempered and always happy that we had a beautiful time in her company. She was a blessing to everybody, and, though we were small and some of us were denied the privilege of knowing our parents, we didn't feel lonely or homesick because she knew how to entertain us. She made us forget ourselves and we did not realize that we were unfortunate because of the loss of our parents. Dr. John Butler used to call me "the daughter of the mission".

Not only Miss Butler, but all the missionaries I have known live in my heart. I feel happy because all my life I have been in contact with Christian women and I have learned that there is nothing better in the world than an experimental knowledge of Christ. God is love; Miss Clementina Butler lived in love, so she lived in God.

"A living lesson"

Note: The following letter was written by Miss Clementina Butler to Misses Adelia and Juana Palacios, co-directors of the Normal Institute "Mexico", Puebla, México, a few weeks

before her death. To quote Miss Adelia who sent us the letter: "Out of her heart full of love for India, Miss Butler speaks and acts during the last year of her life on earth. She really grew until the last day of her life. She had love and action for other people. Her spiritual understanding of her Lord and His service, and her spirit of good will for her fellowmen were remarkable. She was a living lesson to all who knew her."

Hotel Brunswick,
Copely Square,
Boston, Mass.,
November 9, 1949

My dear Adelia:

Your letter brings me a great surprise and also great rejoicing. It is perfectly wonderful to me that you two dear sisters in Mexico would want to have me there, and that you even have made such marvellous plans if I could go. You are all too kind to think of me and my comfort, and I know I would be happier with you than in any other place I can think of in the world, and especially if I could be in one of your schools, as you suggest, and be of some service.

But, dear friends, I could not possibly go this year, and the future is very uncertain. I am not needed here for anything in the family interests, but I am needed here to work up the American end of the centennial celebration in India. It will be possible for us to make a more successful celebration than was made for your Bodas de Diamante last year. I have urged them to take plenty of time to make their plans and believe that by so doing they can make a greater success than was possible even in Mexico. This time the women of the church are going to have a share in the planning, and I am enlisting ministers and their wives and professors and their wives, as far as possible, to go to India for the celebration.

It is surprising to see how much interested they are in the plans already. Many of the men who are going to retire at the time of the General Conference, either in 1952 or 1956,

are planning to take for their retirement trip, and by that time we hope the war-torn world will have settled down enough so that special rates can be arranged that will take our ministers and friends to India at a very reasonable rate.

That's something which I can help arrange here and what I would have liked to have seen done for the celebration in Mexico. We cannot rejoice too much in what the Lord is permitting us to do. There are many disheartening things about the world situation, but I believe, in spite of all the statistics, that there is a blessed advance being made in Kingdom building. How fine it will be if you and Juana could go as delegates from the Church in Mexico to share in the rejoicing of the Church in India.

Well, dear sisters, you have given me a great compliment, and something that will cheer my heart in days of depression when I feel that I am so alone in the world. You give me a song in my heart which I believe will continue as long I live, whether I ever get to Beautiful Mexico or not.

Thanks, a thousand thanks, dear sisters.

With all my affection.

Clementina Butler

Note: We take great pleasure in printing another letter written to Miss Adelia Palacios by Miss Lulu Charters, the nurse who tenderly cared for Miss Butler before and after her accident.

74 Coolidge Street
Brookline, Mass.

Dear Miss Palacios:

Your kind letter received today after church and many thanks for your words of appreciation for service to our dear Miss Butler. Indeed, it was a pleasure and great opportunity for me to nurse such a rare personality. Besides, I loved her and always felt benefited in being with her.

I miss her very much, for nearly every day she called me by phone or mailed me an interesting missionary article. Like herself, she knew that I loved the best in everything and therefore made reading, lectures, flower exhibits, etc., available in one way or another. She was always entertaining someone to dinner or inviting them to drop in for a cup of tea.

Our church misses her and never can her place be filled. I try to imagine her slowly moving down the long isle to the front door in order to greet strangers. The lustly way in which she sang the hymns will be a glorious memory for me.

Yes, I too like to think of her rejoicing with her family and interceding for Mexico and India. My prayer is that God will raise up others in Methodism to feel a similar responsibility.

How she would have loved the evangelistic services that are going on now in Boston by "Billy" Graham. I have attended five meetings in Mechanics Hall where over 6000 were today. Tomorrow evening the meeting is to be in the Opera House. The churches are not large enough. A revival is needed, so pray for us!

God richly bless you, your sister, your school and the students.

Sincerely yours,

Lulu B. Chartes

"a missionary EVERYDAY"

Adelia Palacios, principal,
Normal Institute, Puebla,
Mexico

Miss Clementine Butler came to Mexico as a girl, the youngest in the missionary Butler, founders of the Meth-

dist Church. No one in the family knew Spanish, everything was a novelty, and the work to be done was as varied as the twenty sides of the geometrical icosahedron.

Clementine's searching eyes and open ears made her learn Spanish faster than sisters, brothers or parents. She became the interpreter for her father to the carpenter, mason or distinguished visitor. Her dear mother started worship services, with song and Bible reading in Spanish by Clementine. It was a group of ten: the Butler family, their cook and her two children! Clementine's daily task was to take Spanish lessons with her sister and brothers two and three hours daily, and to act as interpreter every other moment required. What a hard task for her twelve years, but what an opportunity to master the language and to know the people! She learned early Mexican values, and things of an artistic nature. No wonder she spoke Spanish as a native! On her last visit to Mexico a year ago she spoke it just as fluently, not withstanding her 87 years of age. Her letters in Spanish are full of interest in Christian work, both in India and in Mexico. Her mind and life were aglow with spreading the truth of God's love for the redemption of human beings everywhere. The following German hymn belongs to Miss Clementine Butler:

*"I know no life divided,
O Lord of life, from Thee;
In Thee is life provided
For all mankind and me.*

*I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in Thee;
Thy death it is that frees us
From death eternally.*

*I fear no tribulation,
Since what so'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.*

*If Thou, my God and teacher
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.*

*If while on earth I wonder,
My heart is light and blest,
O what shall I be yonder
In perfect peace and rest?*

*O blessed thought in dying!
We go to meet the Lord;
Where there shall be no no sighing,
A Kingdom our reward.*

She had friends in all classes, rich and poor. She searched the high and mighty for the benefit of those who had no means but who were worthy of big opportunities. She succeeded in her efforts through dedicated time and energy, moved by love and understanding. She loved her neighbor as herself. With little money to spend in her last years, she would send gifts to Mexico and India to help the poor, or for a commendable project.

Miss Butler cared for beautiful flowers too. While in Mexico in 1948 she visited the Normal Institute for Girls. There she admired a climbing vine of large, sky-blue morning glories. There were 400 to 500 blossoms to greet her each day of her visit, reaching from the ground floor to the second floor veranda. She enjoyed the overflowing number of "singing" morning glories. One morning as she bathed in the sunshine of the flowers she said to me: "Make this patio a beautiful garden spot, one that the girls will remember long after they leave their beloved alma mater. Later, she sent a gift to make this garden a reality. We must needs make it a lovely one, as a monument to her and as a lesson to our girls.

Many pages could be written of Miss Butler's long years of work and service. In every good work LOVE was the note of her activities and accomplishments. It was her greatest joy

to talk of her Saviour, Jesus. Her parents' life of faith and work for India, Dr. John Butler's forty years of work in Mexico for the evangelical cause, and her own devoted life to both countries were a daily example of how to live in God's service on earth. God was first in her heart and mind, and the radiance of her life proved it.

She believed in human beings as a natural consequence of her love for God. Her time and work belonged to those who needed it. Where of education was needed she worked to open doors for students in colleges and universities through her friends, lending a helping and as fast as she could. She was a missionary EVERYDAY.

Her last months were spent planning for India's Centennial Jubilee. She had a vision of great things for that event. She has gone to her reward, but the fruit of it will be made manifest.

Clementina Butler

Dr. Vicente Mendoza,
professor, Union
Evangelical Center

The news of the departure of this noble servant of God reached Mexico recently, and, though it was painfull and very sad indeed, everybody received it with great serenity. Miss Butler is not well known to us living at this time, by reason of the many years that have past since she, as a young girl, came with her father, Dr. William Butler, to found the Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

There are probably only two ladies who can remember Miss Butler in connection with the first years of Methodist work here. Later, as she did not live here all the time, coming only from time to time during the superintendency of her brother, Dr. John W. Butler, it was not easy for everybody

in the growing territory of our church to become acquainted with her.

Last July, when we celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of our Methodist Church, she came to be with us. Then everybody met and admired this noble elderly lady whose history became known to us, and all brought to her the flowers of their admiration and deep gratitude.

We were very much impressed by her noble dignity, her quiet deportment, her brilliant mind, and her quick comprehension of things and events. Everybody was deeply moved when she was introduced in our churches. Our young people especially were very deeply impressed when they understood the meaning of the 75 years she had lived, loving our church in Mexico and always interested in her progress.

When on the evening of the opening the celebration a processional was arranged with a long line of preachers and Methodist workers, it was Clementina Butler who, with firm step, led the procession. When everybody saw the daughter of the founder of the mission, all waved their handkerchiefs and programs (the way we applaud in church) like the wings of a thousand white doves. Everybody saluted Miss Butler's 75 years of faithful missionary service and love for Mexican Methodism.

I have said that at present none of the veterans who helped to start the work are living. I am a veteran of more recent years, but was well acquainted with Miss Butler after seeing her here and meeting her in some assemblies in the States. The news of her final glorification awakened a deep feeling of gratitude to God for her and her parents and brothers who gave their lives and their talents to Christian work here in the days of serious problems and nation-wide difficulties.

How God prospered our work in Mexico made the deepest impression on Miss Butler while she was here. Now that she is gone, we pray she sleeps in peace after a life spent in two great missionary fields, India and Mexico.

A visit with Mamie Baird

Cortazar, Gto.

Grace Bullock,
Conf. WSCS Secretary Myf,
Seattle, Washington

A hubbub of excited whispers greeted us early that first morning in Cortazar for there was to be a picnic for the Templo Evangelico-the Methodist Church to us-and that was a rare treat for these folks. The August sun was streaming through our window from the patio and we realized that we had really arrived in Mexico. My husband, Cecil, our daughter, Carol, and I had arrived late the night before and the picnic had been postponed so that we might attend, for which we were very glad.

Dear old Luz, the Mexican cook, had been up for hours putting the finishing touches on the food, -lots of chocolate drink called "atole" (the milk all had to be boiled), dozens of tortillas, quantities of "frijoles" (beans) and many other spicy delicacies with which as yet we were unfamiliar. The ride out in the decrepit windowless, cushionless bus over indescribable roads was one we shall never forget, for the high clear voices never stopped singing the lovely Mexican folk songs which were all new to us, and when we applauded, they were eager to continue.

Miss Mamie Baird, the radiant, white-haired missionary in charge of the social center at Cortazar was a constant source of amazement to us. As a church executive she ran the little church with remarkable skill, she preached to them on Sunday mornings and led prayer meetings during the week both there and in neighboring villages. As a social worker, she ministers tirelessly to their myriad needs; as a Christian friend, she provides medicine for the scores of poor people who cannot afford it, and arranges classes on homemaking, sanitation, sewing and other much needed help for the women of the community.

Then there was the unforgettable trip to Suchitlan, the Otomi Indian village—a small community of the very poorest people where the whole family lives in one small hut made of very old adobe, or sometimes just grass—where the floor is both table and chairs, where there is no electricity, only candles or tiny kerosene lamps are used, knives and forks are unknown and tortillas serve as plates. Large families, live chickens and pigs, and sometimes a goat share the family shelter from the rain; beans, tortillas and chile, and sometimes goat's milk are the total diet for adults and infants alike.

Small wonder they flocked to the gate when they heard Miss Baird call to them as she approached, and invited us to enter. That day, Mary Matsuda, who had more than won their confidence, doled out vitamin pills by the dozen, and gave out medicine for many who suffered from the ever-present Mexican dysentery, which comes usually from a polluted water supply. I had never seen a missionary before ministering to a people where the need was so acute, and it was deeply moving to see these humble people reach out eagerly for the help which at one time they had refused, but which they now knew was given in the name of Christ in a spirit of love. Mamie Baird has patiently kept at it and now has a sizable group of believers.

A Sower Went Forth

E. Barranco Adam, member
Balderas Street Church

On last May 15 I stood at the altar of my church, thanking God audibly for having given me His Holy Spirit and, consequently, the strength and power to exchange the things of the world for His things. Before me I saw a large congregation of more than five hundred people who had come to attend a religious service I had arranged for the praise and glory of my Creator.

Then, without wishing to, I recalled another afternoon,

that of October 28, 1941, when, in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, I introduced to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, first lady of her land, a small group of Mexican dancers whom I directed.

It was a meeting of the Chicago Civil Liberties Committee. On that day, too, a great crowd completely filled the immense auditorium, among them some distinguished people of that neighboring country to which I had gone only six months before. I remember very well how, as the meeting closed, everyone congratulated me for what they called "my great success" in having so rapidly entered the world of society in Chicago.

Was it really "my great success"?

Next morning a reporter of the CHICAGO TRIBUNE came to interview me, and I received a series of requests to act as entertainer in various cities of Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana, illustrating my lectures with the dances of my companions. Moreover, I was given a contract with a broadcasting station which detained me for five consecutive months in Gary, Indiana. To all appearances everything was going well, for in this work I found all sorts of worldly amusements — outings, art circles, cabarets, etc.

Was I happy? NO! I had forgotten God and had almost forgotten my mother. My soul stumbled in darkness and found no peace. But my mother always remembered me and insisted that I return to her.

As a last resort I did return. Alcohol, tobacco, and the synthesis of what we read in the first chapter of Romans were completely strangling me. The Christian training which I had received as a child in my home had been definitely eaten away by the corrosive acid of sin. There was so much evil in my soul and in my body that I wanted to do away with them. One evening, as night fell, I provoked the wrath of God by committing the worst of sins — attempting to take my life! But God, in His infinite goodness, saved my body so that He might save my soul afterwards.

One Sunday morning I was born again. In a simple little service I had the chance to hear the moving words of Miss X. I believe that God spoke to me through her. He gently convinced me that I ought to confess my sins, and I did. Bless God, from that moment the Holy Spirit came to my heart, and with Him came peace and love.

Now I CAN accept congratulations for "my great success"
BY THE HELP OF GOD!

**BE IT MY ONLY WISDOM HERE,
TO SERVE THE LORD WITH FILIAL FEAR,
WITH LOVING GRATITUDE:
SUPERIOR SENSE MAY I DISPLAY
BY SHUNNING EVERY EVIL WAY
AND WALKING IN THE GOOD!**

—Charles Wesley

SARA ALARCON



*"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last".*

Charles Wesley

Faith is the Victory

Ethel Thomas, director,
Industrial Hostel,
Mexico City

During the thirty years that I have lived in Mexico, I have worked with Sara Alarcon. Although a young woman only beginning her teaching, so clear was her insight into girls' character, so great her wisdom in directing them, and so valuable her opinions in regard to matters of general procedure that I went to her always for direction.

Beginning as the teacher of the fifth grade and accompanied by her faithful companion Marina Gomez who taught the sixth, she forged steadily ahead in her work as teacher, director and organizer, but always with a simplicity and a self-forgetfulness that characterized her work through the years. Her faithfulness was outstanding. So often I heard the two teachers say to Miss Rodgers, the principal, "Ya venimos" that I asked, "Why do they say they are coming when they are going?" "They are going to come right back", Miss Rodgers explained. And so it was always, they went only to come back better equipped for their work, armed with new ideas, urged by a new enthusiasm.

It was this forging ahead that later made possible our secondary school. Early in her work, Sara Alarcon began her specialization in the social sciences, attending late afternoon and night classes with an eagerness so infectious that the other grade teachers did the same. In 1929 when incorporation for the Secondary was granted, we had a corps of grade teachers prepared to teach special subjects in high school, and that school went steadily forward to the perfection it has now attained.

In 1933, Srita. Alarcon became director of home and school, a position she held until in 1935 when she became principal of the School. The place of the School was main-

tained during the difficult years of the socialistic period and carried forward rapidly, once normal conditions were restored. At great personal sacrifice, Srita. Alarcon, in connection with her advanced studies in the University, accepted the teaching of a geography class in a government school so that she was able always to secure the finest of teachers for the different high school subjects, all of which require specialization.

Srita. Alarcon's ability for hard work, together with her rare mental acumen, made her proficient in whatever she attempted. For her there were no impossibilities. Things that her keen foresight found necessary were things that were accomplished. Confronted with the management of the school farm, she became farmer; needing to drive the car, she became an excellent driver; but when she dedicated her thought and energies exclusively to the needs of the school, she became the outstanding school woman.

One inspector said to me some years ago that Srita. Alarcon's school was exceptional, that she drove herself to perfection and then insisted upon the same perfection in every one who worked with her. Another group inspector said that he had asked the head of his department why he should come so often to visit Srita. Alarcon's school when they knew he would always find the same order, the same precision in school work, and the same attention to duty every where; in her school there was always the same dedication to work, the same sincerity of purpose.

It was Srita. Alarcon's vision that brought into existence the new wing for the secondary department. Her realization of the need of a home for her graduates that were preparing in the Normal to return to the School as teachers, inspired the building of the home for teachers that now houses the first of such teachers that have come up through our institution. In this home Srita. Alarcon had provided for the accomodation of day pupils needing the noon meal, -a lack that had long existed. Provision for visual education in accordance with school requirements had occupied Srita.

Alarcon's thought for several years and in November last year the alumnae of the School made the purchase of the necessary equipment. During her last weeks of work, she had begun arrangements, with the help of influential Protestant friends, for the purchase of a school bus to meet the need of many Protestant families in the city who wish to send their daughters to the School, but who care to have them live at home. God grant that this last of miss Alarcon's projects may be carried out to successful completion.

The last of Srita. Alarcón's projects? No, the first and the last of her planning was always for her pupils. She realized their possibilities, she comprehended their problems and foresaw their difficulties, she devised ways and means for their advancement, always with the vision of their future usefulness and service. In numbers they continue to come to find some solace in the warmth of the Home and the School, and to remind one another of what they received from this beloved teacher, and of the obligation which rests upon them.

This deep sense of responsibility and loyalty is, of course, more to be noted in her noble corps of teachers. She had chosen them so well, she had so trained them and imbued them with her wonderful spirit of service, that now one finds in them an invincible determination to maintain the school in the same perfection to which Srita. Alarcon had brought it, and to go on to carry out her plan for its future.

Mr. Cruz Aedo said at the end of the school year, "I visit this school and feel its spirit, I look at its grounds and its building and marvel at the work of women in Mexico. They seem to work alone, but surely God is with them". Adelia Palacios wrote at her death, "She has her monument in the educational work of Mexico." "The bravest woman I have ever known", were the words of her doctor, Francis McMillan.

We look upon what she has accomplished, attended by physical suffering that we little comprehended, and our hearts ache as we think that she is not here to rejoice in the fruition

of of her labors. Surely God needed her elsewhere, and this work she so greatly began He entrusts to others to carry forward.

My Sister Sara

Enriqueta Alarcon Tapia

Sara was born in the city of Chilpancingo, Gro., July 14, 1901. For the fourth time there was rejoicing in the home of our parents, Henry and Edward Tapia de Alarcon. It pleased God to take our Mother when Sara was but five and the following year our father died, leaving all of us to the care of his mother, our grandmother, who with love and tenderness suffered for and watched over the four little orphans that we were: Abraham, I who write, Sara and Aurora.

The simple necessities of life soon brought about our separation. Sara was adopted by one of our father's sisters, a teacher in the Evangelical school of the village of Tlacotepec, Gro. The few short years lived with this aunt were always a fond memory for Sara because in my aunt she found the love and care that she needed in her tender years. But God saw fit to take my aunt as well, and it was because of her death that Sara was placed in the Juarez School in Guanajuato. Here she had the sympathy and understanding of her teachers, who helped her through difficult situations and supplied many of her needs. She finished the primary grades and the first year of high school in this school and then Miss Dora Gladden, who had always been generous with her help, sent Sara to Mexico City to attend the Sara L. Keen School, -a grateful memory to my sister, and to the many who had the fortune to come under its protection. In 1918 Sara finished her normal course.

The following year she began her work as a teacher in the Industrial School which now bears the name of the Laura Temple School for Girls, named for its founder. During 32

years Sara worked with great devotion and love for the girls who were committed to the care of the institution.

In the midst of her preparation for the new school year, illness overtook her and claimed her for that better life. She was in the Latin American Hospital in Puebla for five weeks from which she fully expected to return to take up her multiple tasks in the school. But God willed otherwise.

Sara's last days were to all appearances quiet and tranquil. Her life slowly ebbed away, her spirit taking flight to its Heavenly home at 6.30 p. m., March 12, 1950.

On the day when we left her body lying near the graves of her beloved teachers, Laura Temple and Grace Hollister, teachers, classmates and pupils of the School, with sincere and grateful hearts, heaped her grave with a mountain of flowers.

IN MEMORIAN

To the Unforgettable Sara Alarcon

by Cruz Cabrera Perez,
3rd year high school
student, Laura Temple
School for Girls

*To you, heroic woman of a praiseworthy life,
Valiant woman whose gracious soul
Was found in work untiring,*

*To you, who day by day built character,
Who wisely knew the way of counsel
And created trustworthy women.*

Today we offer you this praise:

*You were a mother devoted and kind,
Watched over us with tender love,
Directed our footsteps in paths unknown
And kept us from the evil one.*

*Like a sister you cared with understanding,
For the little ones with way uncertain
Your hand in theirs they faltered not.*

*You have gone and alone we feel,
The place you leave cannot be filled;
Like waves of a turbulent sea
Engulfed are we with fear and anxiety.*

*But what is this I say? You have not died!
All this that affirms my reason is false;
You are with us and we feel you near,
For in our hearts YOU live eternally!*

Note: A free translation.

"A worthy woman who can find? for her price is far above rubies"

Concepcion Perez,
deaconess of the Methodist
Church of Mexico

SARA ALARCON was the worthy woman mentioned in the book of Proverbs.

I was a teacher in the Sara L. Keen School and at the same time lived in its boarding department when Miss Alarcon entered. No one was in a better position than I to know Sara and to appreciate her many fine possibilities. She was a diligent, obedient student. She and her best friend, Marina Gomez, were graduated from Sara L. Keen and received their first appointments as teachers to the newly organized Industrial School. They were young, very young, but with a burning enthusiasm for their work. For 32 years Sara worked faithfully in the Industrial School, now the Laura Temple. During these many years she worked side by side and hand in hand with its directors, Misses Laura Temple and Ethel Thomas. Her personal interest and love in each student were inexhaustible.

In all the years she served her school, she never asked for a vacation period, even though her health demanded one. A devastating disease slowly invaded her body and unexpectedly the Lord called her from us.

Sara Alarcon has passed from our midst but her consecrated life leaves a gleam which will follow on through the years to come. To her students she was an example of righteous living. She was faithful to God and to His church, and her religious convictions were firm and unshakable.

Sara Alarcon, with her face to the sun, joins the march of the brave who have gone on before, responding to the invitation of her Master, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord".

Tribute to the Memory of the Beloved Teacher, Sara Alarcon

Jovita Elguera,
teacher and classmate

In the year 1914 Sara Alarcon arrived at Colegio Sara L. Keen, then under the direction of Miss Laura Temple. Sara was a dark complexioned little girl with black, flashing eyes. Quickly the small child made herself a part of the life of the new home. She studied, worked eagerly, developed her mind, and enriched the life of her spirit with the Word and example of the Divine teacher. Her hope and faith were founded on Christ, her Saviour.

Success crowned her efforts and she received her teacher's diploma. She dedicated the flower of her life to the labor of teaching others. From Sara L. Keen she passed to the Industrial School, a very modest institution compared with her former school and home, but here in the warmth of this quiet, well-organized school all her first labors of teaching flourished.

The young teacher was slight of stature, sweet of disposition, of an invincible spirit, and keenly observant. Always she took time to deliberate before acting. Little by little she discovered needs to be met, deficiencies to be corrected, goals to be reached, and to each she responded with the vigorous life which was so much a part of her very being. She possessed a dynamic quality that was never at rest. She was moved by one great impulse, the desire to serve others. She not only thought of school rooms that were lacking and should be built, in shop equipment, in the fitting up of laboratories, in the nourishment of growing bodies committed to her care, but she remembered the surprise that would delight the little ones, she discovered the beginning of an illness that must be checked in time.

For many years she lived in a boarding school and had

not forgotten that tenderness does not always come to the child away from home, that there are painful problems that cloud the horizon of girls away from their mothers; for them there were gentle words, firm but persuasive advice to cheer their drooping spirits.

Everyday there was to be seen in her work that fineness of character which enabled her to obtain educational advantages for those under her charge. Hers was the ability to shape and mold without wounding. Her deft hand directed in the choice of a vocation; she shapened the personalities of young women in her school fitting them for life's struggle, women to serve their fellowmen, Christian women.

It was Sara Alarcon's lot to live through times of social upheaval and uncurbed passions, but untterrified she moved through the revolution, and in the same calm, unperturbed manner directed the work of a flooded school building that reduced the damage to a minimum and put her girls out of the way of danger. Later, it was hers to hold steady through the storm of conflicting political ideologies and to bring her beloved school safely to harbor. Her tact and shrewdness were able to save many compromising situations, at the same time never failing to comply with her whole duty, never betraying her convictions or her loyalty.

The best years of her life, and they were not a few, were dedicated to the education of women in Mexico. Silently and without ostentation she worked worthily for her beloved Mexico.

Select spirits like her own encouraged and strengthened her in her purpose, and through combined effort the Laura Temple School for Girls came into being, standing among the finest of educational institutions of the city. As it has given, the School will continue to give the rich fruit of its labor, and in that continuing work there will be always something of the self-sacrificing teacher, the loyal friend, the untiring educator, SARA ALARCON.

A Memorial Service

Elvira Baez Mendez, M. D.,
director, Aztecas Dispensary

At 4.30 p. m. Sunday afternoon, April 16, in the Holy Trinity Church (Gante Street) of Mexico City, a memorial service was held for the late Sara Alarcon. The sanctuary of the church was fragrant with flowers and filled with family, friends, co-workers and students of the Laura Temple School for Girls.

Mrs. Celia Garcia de Alarcon, sister-in-law of Miss Sara and director of secondary education in the city of Mexico, opened the service with biographical and personal remarks about the sister whom she had learned to love and admire. She told of the early years of Miss Sara, her studies, her graduation as a teacher, her postgraduate work in the university without neglecting her work in the school, and which later secured for her a part time teaching position in the School of Business Administration. She told of her loyalty as a friend, her thoroughness as a teacher and director. The day before she succumbed to the illness from which her Master called her, she attended a meeting for high school principals and not even her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alarcon, detected any sign of illness, nor was there a word of complaint from Sara as to how she felt.

The pastor of Holy Trinity Church, the Rev Jose O. Velasco, exalted Miss Alarcon's virtues as a friend and faithful Christian worker. "In the midst of her multiple duties in the school, she always had time to serve her church and to serve it well", he said. "For years she taught a Sunday School class. She gave systematically to the church and never failed to respond to a special request. She was particularly interested in helping rural pastors and needy students. Fidelity was the characteristic note of her life, and her love and loyalty to God

and His church will ever serve to inspire others. A life such as Miss Alarcon lived never dies; it lives on into Eternity".

Bishop Eleazar Guerra of the Methodist Church of Mexico had been asked to give the message and took for his text that beloved passage from the 10th chapter of St. Matthew: "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it..." "Miss Sara Alarcon possessed the profound and noble sentiments which made her a genuine representative of our Lord Jesus Christ", said the Bishop. "Life is given to us to use and to use worthily; he who understands not this truth is already headed for failure. There must be an objective in life and that objective is determined by boundaries. It may be reached by living life slowly, but Sara Alarcon lived her life rapidly and fully realized her objective at an early age. The most important principle in life is how to employ the life God has given us. Many interpret it to mean the gathering of sufficient influence to be acknowledged and acclaimed by those who surround us. But Jesus says that he who would find his life must lose it." The Bishop then carried us through the beautiful story of Helen Keller who, though deprived of her eyesight at an early age, accepted the challenge to lose her life in a love and service to others in order to find it. In thought, he took us on a visit to Havana, Cuba, in 1918 where he found the principal of a certain school in the flower of an enthusiastic youth; and to a return visit in 1948 to find the same principal denied his physical eyesight but enthusiastically introducing the Bishop to his plans for a new school. "This man had lost his life, but he found it! Sara Alarcon found her life by losing it. She surrendered her life completely without reserve or thought of self; she was here to please God and to transmit Life to the souls of youth. Christ had taken possession of the heart of Sara Alarcon. The Methodist Church of Mexico has one more glorious name to add to those already present in the Heavenly Mansions. Miss Alarcon lives in the hearts of all who knew her. She was

a woman who knew how to lose her life for the Lord and to find it again in Heaven."

There was a moment of reverent silence as the entire student body of the Laura Temple School for Girls, dressed in white, stood at attention and repeated in unison the 23rd Psalm.

Gone is Sara Alarcon, but not forgotten!

Annie Churchill

1866-1949

Note: We are pleased to include in this Memorial Number an account of the death of Miss Annie Churchill, a former missionary to Mexico, who was later transferred to Cuba. She gained her "crown of righteousness" on November 1, 1949. Miss Lillie Fox writes of her years of service in Mexico.

Miss Annie Churchill, a former missionary to Mexico, was born in Shelbyville, Kentucky in 1866. When only three months old her parents moved to Austin, Texas, and a few years later, the family moved to Burnet, Texas, which was her home until she passed away November 1, 1949.

At the solicitation of one of the missionaries in Colegio Palmore, Chihuahua, Mexico, she went to teach there in the year of 1894. Two years later she was accepted as a regularly appointed missionary and sent to Laredo Seminary (now Holding Institute) in Laredo, Texas. At this time the Laredo Seminary was under the direction of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the former Southern Methodist Church. Later she was sent to the Mary Keener Institute, Mexico City. Here she taught in the English department, and, as the missionaries of her day, helped in the dormitories and wherever she was needed. She was the first superintendent of the mission on Aztecas Street, Mexico City, known then as the Sostenes Juarez Mission, and now the home of the important

church, The Divine Redeemer, and the dormitory department of the Union Evangelical Center. She was one of the finest among the missionary group, and her work was of the best. She remained at Mary Keener Institute until the revolutionary conditions in Mexico in 1913 made it necessary to close the institution. She then returned to her first school of service, Colegio Palmore, Chihuahua, which was temporarily functioning in El Paso, Texas, because of the Revolution.

After nineteen years of service in Mexico, because of health reasons, she was transferred to Cuba. Here she served as principal and teacher in the Irene Toland School in Matanzas, and in the Eliza Bowman School, Cienfuegos. Her pupils loved her dearly and she was referred to by them as "little mother". She served Cuba 14 years but in 1929 she was forced to retire because of ill health. She returned to her old home in Burnet, Texas. Shortly after her return, she became totally blind and her health gradually declined until she was confined to her room.

It was a blessing and a challenge to visit with her and to share in the alertness of her mind. Although blind and unable to leave her room, she was always interested in the affairs of the world and of the Kingdom of her Lord.

On November 1, after much suffering, and just six days before she would have been 83 years old, she went to sleep to awaken where there is no blindness, nor disease. She was an altogether lovely person, filled with the spirit of Jesus. When no longer able to go about her kindly deeds, she continued to bless from her sick room. "Hasta luego", Miss Churchill!

Field Notes

Dr. R. Morris Paty, of the Medical Office of the Division of Foreign Missions, was in Mexico City for several days in

February. He conferred with missionaries, and studied some of the medical work being done here.

Rev. David T. Morrison, missionary secretary of the Missouri Conference, was in Mexico City during the first week in March. He gave the opening address for the Union Seminary and the Methodist Deaconess School, also addressed the Federation of Christian Workers. Mr. Morrison has the responsibility for the presentation of the Methodist work in Mexico to his Conference, which has accepted this task as its part of the Advance Plan.

Dr. Paul A. Collyer, Secretary for Foreign work of the American Bible Society, spent several days in Mexico City early in March. He worked with Mr. H. T. Marroquin, manager of the Bible Agency here, in the organization of the advisory Committee. About thirty evangelical ministers and other workers were present at the sessions of the Committee. Dr. Andres Osuna, of Monterrey, was elected president.

Dr. and Mrs. Murray Leiffer, of Garrett Biblical Institute, visited Mexico early in April. Dr. Leiffer spoke before the faculty and students of the Seminary, the Women's Association of Union Church, and the Ministerial Alliance of the Federal District. Their fellowship was greatly enjoyed by the missionaries and pastors of the city.

A few of our workers delighted in trips to "home" in the U. S. during the Christmas holidays and the winter vacation period. Among them were: Misses Dora Ingram, Orlene McKimmey and Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Matzigkeit.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Kellogg have returned from their year's sabbatical (furlough) and already brother Kellogg is scratching the soil and making plans for a fresh attack on the agricultural problems of Mexico's rural experimental parishes. Their home address remains the same: Insurgentes No. 247.

There is news from our dear friends the Hausers that they are busy and happy on a two-point charge in Hitchcock,

South Dakota. Through MEXICO the missionary family sends warmest love and greetings. Birthday wishes in abundance to Dr. Hauser who celebrates another milestone this month of April.

Miss Elsie Sheperd has returned to Mexico after her furlough and is pleased with her new appointment. She is with the department of Religious Education of the Methodist Church of Mexico. Elsie wields a facile paint brush and we know what this means to this department of the Church. Welcome home, Elsie!

Judy Hall is rendering a valuable service to the Industrial Hostel and fast learning the language to increase her efficiency. We are pleased to count her a member of the missionary family.

Mrs. Milton Davis is an unfortunate patient of a prevalent disease in Mexico, Malta fever. We wish her a speedy recovery and the touch of the Divine physician upon her body.

Bertha Baker has been released from her responsibilities in the hostel in Puebla to give her time to the church there and its activities. We wish her God's blessing in this new work.

After a six month's struggle with infirmities of the flesh the dear mother of Ruth Warner was called by her Heavenly Father to physical rest and peace. All who were privileged to know "Mother Warner" beheld the face of a saint of God, and shared in her fervent interest in missions and the purposes of God for a lost world. The wife of the late Dr. Robert Warner, a Methodist minister, she entered wholeheartedly into the fellowship of his ministry. We extend our sympathy to Miss Warner knowing full well the source of her strength in these days of separation, healing and adjustment.

Miss May Carnahan, sister of Carrie Carnahan who served as executive secretary for Mexico under the W. F. M. S. for many years, and "big sister" and "family" to our present secretary, Miss Elizabeth Lee, passed through the gates of

Eternity into the presence of the Lord she loved and served on January 30. We are remembering you in our prayers, Miss Lee.

The brother of Gertrude Arbogast was called to his Father's presence on January 21. His earthly release from further pain and discomfort came after a ten year battle with an incurable tuberculosis. His death took Miss Arbogast home to the States for six weeks.

The sad news has just reached us that Miss Dora Schmidt, in company with her family, met with a serious automobile accident. Miss Schmidt has been discharged from the hospital and is recovering from the shock of the injury. For the brother-in-law who met with death, we pray that God may comfort the saddened hearts of the family.

Miss Ruth Byerley writes from Monterrey that the enrollment in clubs and classes at the Social Center has exceeded that of the past year. One worker has a club at Salvation Army headquarters. The Wesleyan Service Guild (Legion Blanca) of Monterrey has shown unusual activity and devotion paying a return visit to the Guild of McAllen, Texas, during Holy week.

Miss Lillie Fox, the beloved missionary emeritus who is now employed as office worker in the San Antonio Community Center, is in a hospital in San Antonio awaiting an operation. We are trusting God for a successful outcome.

Friends of Mrs. Niel Jones of Tallmage, Ohio, will join in sympathy and prayers, having learned of her husband's passing during March.

Miss Anne Deavours has returned from a pleasant and profitable vacation in her home state, Mississippi.

Mrs. Hope Graham is again a welcome visitor to Mexico. At present she is visiting the Deaconess School and later plans a trip to Cortazar to visit Mamie Baird.

Will you help us, please?

For years MEXICO has valued an appreciative subscription list, charging a small annual rate to help defray the expenses of publication. Recently, it was agreed to free MEXICO from a subscription charge and make her interests of advance for the Kingdom reach as many in the far corners of the U. S. and other lands as wish to receive the publication.

If you have been a subscriber we will continue to keep you on our mailing list; if you are a new and interested reader, we shall send MEXICO on request, free of charge.

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NOTE: MEXICO offers an apology to its readers for the late publication of this number. A series of unavoidable circumstances caused the delay. Thank you.

México, D. F.:

Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Davis, Apto. 117 Bis.
Dr. and Mrs. John L. Groves, Apto. 117 Bis.
Mr. and Mrs. Claude R. Kellogg, Apto. 117 Bis.
Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Matzigkeit, Apto. 117 Bis.
Miss Gertrude Arbogast, Humboldt 39-22.
Miss Judith Hall, Mariano Escobedo No. 291, Col. Anáhuac.
Miss Dora L. Ingram, Apto. 117 Bis.
Miss Orlene McKimmey, Mariano Escobedo 291 Col. Anáhuac.
Miss Mary N. Pearson, Sadi Carnot 73.
Miss Elsie Shepherd, Alamo No. 68, Col. Sta. Ma. de la Ribera.
Miss Ethel Thomas, Mariano Escobedo 291 Col. Anáhuac.
Miss Ruth V. Warner (on furlough).

Monterrey, N. L.

Miss Ruth Byerley, Apto. 446.
Miss Anabelle Dyck (on furlough).
Miss Helen M. Hodgson, Apto. 446.
Miss Pauline Willingham, Apto. 446

Puebla, Pue.:

Miss Bertha Baker, Apto. 157.
Miss Ola Eugene Callahan, Apto. 157.
Miss Clara Gibson, Apto. 157.

